

FRÉEDOM'S SUNRISE IN CUBA.

The instructions issued by President McKinley for the temporary government of the territory occupied by our forces in Cuba are nothing less than a Magna Charta for the people of that distracted region. Under the form of martial law they substitute order, liberty and security for confusion, tyranny and rapine. They leave the inhabitants their old customs and laws, and even their former officials, in so far as these are willing to adjust themselves to the new state of things, and they give the guaranty of our Government for the safety of person and property.

There is said to have been some disappointment among the Cuban insurgents at our failure to turn the city over to them as soon as it was captured. That is natural, perhaps, but it is evident that such a proceeding on our part was impossible. We are pledged to give Cuba a stable government, controlled by the Cuban people. Before that can be done it is evident that we must restore order and give all the Cubans a chance to make their wishes known. Some hold that the insurgents represent only a small fraction of the Cuban people. We believe that they and their sympathizers constitute a large majority. The way to settle the question is obviously to let all the Cubans vote on it under the protection of a strong, impartial authority. Then the Republic will have a clear title to power, and will begin its career of independence free from the taint of usurpation.

THE SLANDERS ON THE VOLUNTEERS.

The World's infamous accusation of cowardice against the Seventy-first New York Regiment at Santiago has rebounded with disastrous effects, and the trouble has only begun. Every soldier that has come back from Cuba, volunteer or regular, has denounced the cruel lie. The World has been branded in public meetings as a national enemy. "There never was a more contemptible lie printed," said Lieutenant Trull, of the Seventy-first, after one of these gatherings at the Tremont Methodist Church. The wounded Lieutenant had spoken even more vigorously than that to the pastor of the church before the meeting. To quote from the Sun:

"Dr. Millard was at my house yesterday," said he, "and heard what I told a World reporter. Let him tell you what I said."

"It was pretty strong language," admitted Dr. Millard with a laugh, "and I must say I do not care to repeat it. It was language of which I would not approve unless it was addressed to a World reporter."

And yet the World is not cured. It printed another slander on the troops at the front yesterday, merely taking the precaution to disavow committing itself to belief or disbelief in the lies it circulated. It is incorrigible, because it has only a vague, outside, theoretical knowledge of American feelings, and when it outrages national sentiment it becomes aware of the fact merely in a blundering, experimental way, through its material consequences, without any inner understanding of the reasons for the general detestation it arouses.

THE FOUL TALK NUISANCE.

President Guggenheimer, of the Municipal Council, proposes to suppress foul and profane language in public places by a new and stringent ordinance. Mr. Guggenheimer's purpose is admirable, but what we need is not a new ordinance, but such a condition of public sentiment and such a sense of official duty as shall insure the enforcement of the laws, written and unwritten, that we already have.

The regulations of the transportation companies authorize and require the expulsion of passengers guilty of loud indecency. Why are the rules not executed?

It is now the right and the duty of every policeman to arrest any man he observes making a nuisance of himself. Why does he not do it?

We need to key up the general sensitiveness on this point. The swearers themselves would probably be more subdued if they realized that in radiating indecency in the presence of women they were casting a stinging reflection upon their own womankind. When a man is not deterred by the company of ladies from emitting a reek of low talk he obviously justifies the conclusion that the women with whom he is in the habit of associating do not object to that sort of thing. If that idea could be hammered home there might be less need of repressive ordinances.

ZOLA'S HONORABLE PUNISHMENT.

A year in jail for Zola may not be an unmixt misfortune. To begin with, his conviction and sentence carry with them not the slightest ignominy. He is honored, not dishonored. He fought a good fight for truth, honor and humanity, and his credit is only enhanced by the sacrifice now exacted of him.

Zola is not the first author to suffer imprisonment for his intellectual courage. Voltaire and Victor Hugo, of his own nation, felt the heavy hand of the autocratic power of their time which would not suffer free speech. Mazzini, Italy's great patriot, knew the inside of many European prisons. Defoe and Bunyan, among Englishmen, lay long in jail and found confinement not wholly discouraging to literary composition. "Tom" Paine, our own patriot, suffered imprisonment in Paris.

In all nations and in all ages intellectual activity has paid the price of courage in dungeons, or even on the scaffold.

In history Zola will have distinguished company. It will be interesting to see whether solitude, the opportunity and almost necessity for introspection, will result in turning his mind upon higher themes than have commonly engaged it. Will he come out of prison a prophet of a new and better social order, or the same chronicler as now of the baser things of life—phenomena which exist indeed and exert a curious and various influence, but which after all are not the dominant factor in modern life?

SIXTH AVENUE: TWO VIEWS.

Two conflicting interests confront the Metropolitan Street Railway Company in its work of applying to Sixth avenue the admirable system of electric traction which is working so well on Second and Fourth avenues. 1.—The Sixth avenue shopkeepers and the enormous number of people who do their shopping in the street protest against even temporary interruption of street car facilities while the new system is being installed. 2.—The company's interests and the interests of the great body of citizens demand that the new system be installed with the least possible delay. Clearly each side has its rights. We should think, however, that as the running of cars will not cause very serious delay to the work the company and the general public should make concessions to the merchants and their customers.

STANLEY "SHOCKED" AT THE NATIONAL POLICY

The ex-American Explorer Looked Sad and Said That He Disapproved of the Journal's Suggestions for an American Programme.



HENRY M. STANLEY.

London, July 9.—Henry M. Stanley professes to be utterly shocked by the Journal's plan of empire. I sought the great explorer at his home, on Richmond Terrace, and handed him the Journal's declaration of policy in his library. He read it through with deep attention, and then, without saying a word, he took a piece of note paper and wrote instead. His aristocratic face was sad, as it always is, and the resolute mouth puckered itself and blew like the glands of a cobra, which evidently meant that he was not pleased. He referred again and again silently to the Journal's article, the muscles of his face always in action. Then he finished his memorandum and looked his visitor straight in the face:

"Sir," he said, "I have read in my time many remarkable documents, but none so remarkable as this. It surprises me. I must say that I don't like it."

Then, sitting erect, with the sheet of note paper he had been writing on before him, he said, as if he were reciting the contents of his memorandum:

"I have read the declaration of American policy as given by the New York Journal very carefully, and were it not couched in such a form as it is, I should be glad to discuss it soberly. But the tone of it forbids a self-respecting man on this side the Atlantic from saying more than to express a wish that Americans in their pride will not altogether forget that there is strength in wisdom. The Journal's policy appears to me more like a declaration of aggressive war against the predatory powers of Europe—all land hungry, than an instructive outline of the chief needs of the Republic."

That is all that Mr. Stanley would say on the subject. He absolutely refused to discuss any part of the American programme by itself. "I have given you my views in a nutshell," was his final answer.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley does not like the Journal's National Policy. This is interesting, but not important.

It seems to him "more like a declaration of aggressive war against the predatory powers of Europe—all land hungry"—than an instructive outline of the chief needs of the Republic."

Quite so. We believe that the confidence men and skilful swindlers in New York regard the police rule which denies them the right to enter the Wall Street district as an insolent invasion of individual liberties, we recall further that the Barbary corsairs expressed the liveliest abhorrence and most statesmanlike reprobation of the action of the United States in interfering with matters in the Mediterranean, and we have no doubt that Mr. Stanley speaks for a section of Europe when he thus solemnly reproves the United States for throwing out its line of defences far enough to keep European land grabbers from seizing any more territory in this hemisphere.

It cannot be too often reiterated that the National Policy for the United States is emphatically not one of aggression, but of wise and far-reaching preparations for defence. Strategic bases in the West Indies are more necessary to this nation than Gibraltar is to Great Britain. Coaling stations in all parts of the world are essential to the safety of any people in this age of steam.

The Journal cheerfully prints Mr. Stanley's reproving expressions for the revelation of character they furnish. Smalley himself does not give a better imitation of the puffy, pompous, Tory squire than this international hybrid, this soldier of fortune, this land pirate of the Dark Continent.

SENATOR HOAR FLAYS NORTON.

"You are an enemy of your country." "Your influence is bad for Harvard College and bad for the youth of the country." "You suffer from the habit of bitter and sneering speech." "You often do not know what you say." "Nobody can do you an injustice except yourself."

Such, condensed and slightly paraphrased, are the essential points of Senator Hoar's stinging response to Professor Charles Eliot Norton, who had complained of the Senator's recent public denunciation of his utterances on the war.

Irreverent Washingtonians must stop calling the senior Massachusetts Senator "Pickwick." There is nothing Pickwickian in the biting phrases with which he flays Norton. His face may be like a benediction, but his brain is quite equal to the task of exhortation should need arise. We think, however, that in the heat of his indignation Senator Hoar overlooked the fact that Professor Norton's letter of explanation and protest was in itself a reiteration of the reasonable utterances for which he has been censured.

After declaring himself misquoted by the reporters—a common expedient of cowardly and untruthful men—Professor Norton went on to say:

"I did say to the youth of the university that the war with Spain was 'inglorious'; that for the accomplishment of the ends which, as a nation, we professed to seek by its means it was 'needless' and consequently 'criminal'; that every American had his life at the service of his country, but that they should carefully consider whether the best use they could make of themselves in her service was to enlist in such a war."

In brief, Professor Norton admits that after the President's call for volunteers to defend the nation he did all in his limited power to persuade men to refuse to respond. His treason is qualified only by his comparative insignificance.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

THE MOST GHASTLY EXPERIENCE ever suffered by a human being was that of Chang, one of the Siamese twins, who woke one morning to find his brother, to whom he was indissolubly bound by a bar of flesh, a corpse.

Is Emperor William ready to link virile, prosperous, hopeful Germany to dying Spain?

GEORGE A. PILLSBURY, of Minneapolis, who died the other day, gave \$500,000 to charity during his lifetime. Perhaps "during his lifetime" is superfluous to that statement, for how can a dead man give? Charitable bequests are doubtless useful to the recipient but not particularly creditable to the donor. A thousand dollars given in life means more real philanthropy than \$500,000 left by will. As somebody said the other day, public bequests are only a way of getting over the embarrassment caused by the lack of pockets in a shroud. We leave our money to a church or charity and take a letter of credit.

AMERICAN COURAGE? Here are two instances: A New Mexican boy of the Rough Riders, scouting alone,

1. The Nicaragua Canal
2. Hawaiian Annexation (accomplished)
3. A Mighty Navy.
4. Naval Bases in the West Indies.
5. Great National Universities.

fought an advancing line of Spaniards until his captain, coming up, sent him to the rear, with four wounds.

A lieutenant in a northern regiment, after receiving a wound in the arm went to the hospital, had it dressed, and returned to the battle field, where he was shortly after mortally wounded.

No geographical bounds, no class limitations are put to American courage. The New Mexican and the Vermont, the cowboy and the club man face death with the nonchalance of veterans and die gayly for a country that is worth dying for.

THE COLONEL OF THE ROUGH RIDERS, according to an evening contemporary, "is a New Yorker, and a score of other New Yorkers are in the ranks. The others are Texans." That will be agreeable to the husky cowboys from New Mexico, Arizona and other parts of the remote West, who have been thinking themselves a rather important part of Teddy's Terrors.

UNINTENTIONAL INJUSTICE TO THE JOURNAL.

Mr. Hearst, of the New York Journal, furnishes evidences to the Herald that, in the recent criticism of an instance of so-called yellow journalism overreaching itself, in accepting and telegraphing the story that forty Spanish prisoners who had surrendered to the Cuban troops near El Caney had been beheaded, unintentional injustice was done the Journal. Mr. Hearst shows that the statement telegraphed his paper originally set forth that four Spanish soldiers had been captured and beheaded, which in transmission somehow was raised to forty; that the basis of that story was good and reliable; and that other New York papers published substantially the same story. Mr. Hearst and his Journal, under accusation of yellow journalism, in this instance at least stands honorably acquitted.

IT WAS A CABLE ERROR.

Some days ago the Dispatch commented in strong terms on the official contradiction of a report of the New York Journal that forty Spaniards, after making a formal surrender, had, by the influence of Honoré F. Laine, been turned over to the Cubans and butchered. We are glad to have our attention called by that paper to the fact that neither has any such crime been committed nor does the Journal claim it. A later telegram from Mr. Hearst indicates that the disturbing nature of the report was due to a combination of error in transmission and misunderstanding of its original character. It really referred to the killing of four Spanish guerrillas of the class that have been firing on our wounded. The "four" was magnified into "forty" in the transmission of the story, and a misapprehension of the report led to giving it the appearance of a slaughter of prisoners of war. We give our New York contemporary credit for thus relieving itself of the onus of either reporting or approving such a slaughter.

Swelling the Fund for Col. Thenuz.



To the Editor of the Journal: Enclosed find a coin to be expended, at your discretion, in helping to commemorate, in a fitting manner, the valiant deeds and sad death of the gallant officer Colonel R. W. Thenuz. His death was a awful shock. Yours truly, RULOFVITZKY. Shamokin, Pa., July 9, 1898.

NEWS OF ONE DAY SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

What a fuss people are making over the gentlemen yesterday, and her baby rolled out of her arms and fell to the pavement.

A young woman who was driving by "in her own carriage" stopped the roll of those august wheels, hopped out, picked the little black baby up and began to comfort it.

The crowd which gathered in an instant turned its humane and intelligent gaze from the poor creature whose agony it had been curious to see, and gazed in open-mouthed rapture at the woman who had heart enough to feel sorry for a scared baby.

When inquiries were made at the police station no one knew much about the woman who was hurt, but every one knew about the wondrous creature who stopped "her own carriage" to cuddle a poor little frightened child.

Now, if there's a woman living who could resist a nice, clean little shiner-eyed pickaninny who is scared and is going to cry in a minute, unless some one looks out—I'd like to see her.

Miss Nathalie Schenck, of Babylon, L. I., started a series of endless chain letters to raise money for the Red Cross Society.

She is overwhelmed with letters and she has so much money that she doesn't quite know what to do with it.

The money comes from New England and from the West and from the South—everywhere but New York City.

How anxious the majority of the plain people are to do something good with their money! Show them the way to do it and they rush forward with a generous rivalry to be first in giving, that is almost pathetic.

And then the preachers go right on sighing over "poor human nature!"

Six coroners' juries in six different States returned six similar verdicts on suicide cases yesterday. The verdict was, "committed suicide, cause, depression." Those jury men must be of some relation to the doctors who tell inquiring friends that the patient died of "heart failure." WINIFRED BLACK.

NEWS OF OUR HIGHEST CIRCLES—BY CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

There seems to have been much unnecessary feeling at Newport this week because a New York regiment which was quartered there was left out utterly in the invitations to the different social gatherings. A few of the officers strolled into the Casino when the Monday dance was going on, and were surprised that the orchestra did not play the national anthem; nor was any notice taken of them.

This is absolutely ridiculous. In the first place, the regiment hailed from Brooklyn and its officers, although men of excellent family and belonging to some very good New York clubs, should have known that so far as Newport is concerned it will never give social recognition to any one who confesses a residence on the other side of the Bridge. In fact, although the regiment gave an excellent drill, few people and fewer fashionable ones went out to see it, and society naturally refrained from cheering the men who were going to the front.

Unfortunately for Newport, several men well known in society have gone out to the war. But, as the months of July and August are designed for amusement, unpleasant associations should be banished.

Then again on Monday evening the Count de Turin, the Italian prince, was present at the Casino, so the only national air played by the band was that of Italy. The soldier boys were allowed to go away unmolested, as the navy and army generally are at Newport in the season.

Mrs. Fish's Consideration.

As there have been no very great entertainments at any of the watering places so far, every dining and wining assumes enormous proportions. Newport is not yet through talking over the delightful dinner given by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish last Saturday evening to open her magnificent home, the Crossways.

Among the uninvited—there have been some who have called attention to the fact that on the very evening on which the Newport Crossways were lighted and which were the sounds of revelry and feasting—the brother of the host, with a guide thousands of miles away, was trying to locate and the jungle of a tropical forest the simple cross which marked the last resting place of his only son, Hamilton, who died the death of a hero, fighting for the Stars and Stripes.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish at her entertainments was considerate and did not embellish the table with too many decorations indicative of the tropics, and the less were not served in the shape of military accoutrements, as is now the fashion.

THE NEWEST AND STRANGEST "CURE" At Veldes, in Austria, is an Institution Where the Patients Live Out Of Doors in the Altogether.



From Photograph Reproduced in Strand Magazine. PATIENTS EXERCISING ON THE "HILL OF MEN" AT VELDES, AUSTRIA.

As the ancient gods stalked upon Olympus, so the most up-to-date invalid gambols upon the hillsides above Veldes, Austria—that is, strictly unmineral. In this most curious sanatorium they have carried the Kneipp barefoot doctrines to their logical end. They have returned to the Adamic Altogether and pass the days absorbing oxygen and sunlight through the pores of the skin.

There is a hill for men and another for women. At night they sleep in open huts by the water's edge. The theory upon which this curious institution rests is formulated thus:

"There is no life without air, no health without light. * * * We not only breathe through our lungs, but through our skin, which contains millions of minute blood vessels thirsting for oxygen, and millions of nerves thirsting for light. Where there is blood there ought to be air; where there are nerves there ought to be light. * * * The light of the sun favors the change of matter; in other words, the process of life. * * * Another beneficial influence of the air bath lies in the constant changes of sunlight and shade, heat and cold of the atmosphere, by which the skin is stimulated—a stimulus that does not remain confined to the surface of the body, but is extended, through the nerves, to the remotest internal organs."

A Mr. J. Russell, an English gentleman, has recently spent a month at Veldes and relates his experiences in the Strand Magazine. He says: "In accordance with the rules of the game, therefore, we rose every morning soon after 5, and, having walked, my friend and I, to the Hill of Men, our wives

to the Hill of Women, in the scantiest clothing consistent with what is called decency, we forthwith spent the early hours wandering or reclining in sun or shadow, jumping, dangling, or reading, according to temperament, and breakfasting on the milk, bread and honey we had brought with us from the hut. The humors of the situation we may leave to the ready imagination—they will appeal to everybody; the details, though our tastes will be called in question, we can vouch for out of our own experience."

"After our strange air bath, to another strange bath we used to walk back, clothed, to another strange bath at the bottom, where, for the best part of an hour, we lay out on a slanting roof, bare, save for our heads, to the full blaze of the sun. Then, for twenty minutes by the clock, we were swathed tight in our blankets and then taken indoors, plunged into a tub of tepid water and massaged by expert attendants. By the time we got back on our bare—and not infrequently tender—feet to the huts, we were quite ready for the simple vegetarian midday meal that awaited us under the huge, common dining roof. * * *

"The consumptive who has been at Veldes for twenty successive Summers and is still alive takes the 'Doctor,' the head of the institution, most seriously; my friend, who is returning for the fifth time this Summer, because he finds he weathers the Winter after a month in Veldes better than after a month anywhere else, takes him more or less seriously; yet I, who have been twice and still would go—partly I rent it patches in the body, chiefly for the rents it tears in the commonplace—can hardly be said, I suppose, to take him not seriously."